THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1846. WHOLE NO. 1301.

Original Poem.

THE HOPE THAT PERISHED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

I sat low in the valley, where the shade
Was thick and cold, for many branches made
Where the damp earth was bare of flower or leaf
Except grey moss, and ghost-flowers—pale as grief.
We have stopped a score days in silence now
Their sorry bed, and hugg'd the story close.
'Twas not a sound—a murmur, a sigh, a word
Save voice of the lone owl that brooded there.
I sat in that low vale, alone, and wild
With all the pain that wrong Misfortune's child;
I did not weep—yet sorrow's bosom well
Could fit on my face if my heart would tell.
A glorious creature, with a form of love
Such as we dream the nymph's were shrine, [ing
With golden tresses, and half veiled beaming eye
Came by the vale, and timidly drew nigh.

She seem'd an angel, for around her lay
The mellow radiance of celestial day,
And fragrant flowers in loving clusters wreathed,
Sprang 'neath her footsteps, and where'er she breathed
And seem'd as if sweetness, holiest kinds,
Were breathing melodies of tender words.
And that fair form, and those soft tones of love
Grew bright, and answer'd each melodiously
She came, and sat her down beside me there,
And all heavenly beauty centered in the glare,
She clasp'd me tenderly, and bade me rest,
And drew my temples to her lofted breast.
Then gleam'd the tears that gave the brief relief,
That melt the ice, and quench the fires of grief,
That wash away the sullens of despair,
And cleanse, and heal, till all is well and fair
And I was happy, as with sorrow none
Not vivid blessed—and I was happy, for
My soul was wild with rapture, for I knew
That star was mine, and that her heart was true.
I held her to my bosom, and forgot
How desolate, and cold, had been my lot,
And looked on nothing, nor cared where,
And dreamed all life, a paradise of love.
Then fell the hail. The summer rose quivering sigh:
Our cold destroyed, and left us bare and dry.
And she was dead. That angel form was dead
And cold was now my stranger's heart, the head
My all of life is dead—my blue dream's o'er—
My world all dark, and silent as before,
Except that where the star-beam was bright and dry,
Rush heaps of withered flowers decaying lie.
And that pale form upon my bosom lies,
With clasp'd hands, long, and half closed eyes,
Which having looked on Death, forever keep
Its image in a picture, dark and deep.
And still I gaze, as if that shade might pass,
And life again illume the darkened glass,
As if those lips, cold as the marble tomb,
Might break the seal, and smile, and speak again.
Those precious words—as when—as when—no dear—
My world all dark, and silent as before,
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Original Tales.

UNEXPECTED GUESTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. D. M. McMAHON.

—Really I do love a rainy day sometimes. One feels so sure of not being interrupted by company, and can sit down and read or work in the accomplishment of odd jobs. Unfortunately, some of my pioneer rules have fermented, and I think I will take advantage of this rainy day to attend to them."

These remarks were addressed by young Mrs. Martin, partly to herself and partly to her husband as she seated herself at the breakfast table one rainy morning in November, and placing the portent little foot that ever pressed the pavement, upon an embroidered cushion, carefully rolled out upon the cold dark sky and pelting rain.

"No doubt it is very agreeable to you, my dear," rejoined the gentleman, with his accustomed, though with no very pleased expression the drenching weather; but then those who are obliged to brave the storm, it is anything but desirable. I assure you."

"And in my selfish regard for my own comfort, I had forgotten your exposure," said the young wife slipping her arm within his as she joined him at the window. "It is a shocking rain indeed worse than I had imagined."

"A regular North Easter, set in for a week, I dare say," replied Mr. Martin. "And as I know that we cannot live upon love always, but require something more substantial, and that occasionally, I will, as aforesaid, descend ages to the office to no purpose, and raise not a fig for wind or weather."

"Come, then suppose we try how far love will go in appeasing hunger to-day," said Mrs. Morton, laughing. "Especially as I have not yet recovered from yesterday's dinner, a bit of cold mutton and I will serve up a side dish or two of smiles, tender epithets, sighs, and other little trifles of the sort which as we related in the days of our nonsuiting, but which now, as sober married folks, of course we never dream of. Ah! those trifles of the early cottage, this we day, Charles! And will you not your cold dinner in love which I assure you she has not forgotten?"

What reply Charles Morton made to these words, or how tenderly he kissed the pretty lips which uttered them—now he actually played the lover for the space of five minutes, to the great scandal of all the old maids and bachelors in the street, and their numbers for at least six months—it is not our present purpose to relate, as we shall merely inform the reader that he did not at all regret the step, for yet, that after the gratification of sentimentality, the young pair were straggling his good old family record and fortune, and taking the first omnibus in which it was possible to find a seat, proceeded to his office, while his wife, a new and active housekeeper, prepared for the duties of the day at home.

"Don't make a fire in the front parlor to-day Bridget," said she to the girl put aside the heavy shawl things. "We shall not have any company I thank."

"Very well, ma-am," replied Bridg, as much pleased as her master had been at anything for lighters her usual tasks. "And I'm sure, ma-am, I'm glad to hear it, for it's mighty hard to keep comfortable in this rain, bean those that couldn't help it."

"Certainly," said her mistress, "and I'm glad as we shall not be interrupted by visitors, we will make the most of the day. I want you to be very smart, Bridget, as I intend to have myself and the must kindle a fire in the furnace, and see that the sweet-meat kettle is bright and clean, and carry down into the kitchen all the rubbish out of the pantry. Be sure you get them all, seven on the first shelf, and five on the second, and the seven little at once under, and in a few moments I shall be down there to scald the preserves. It is quite vexatious they have changed."

These directions given, the lady left the breakfast room, and proceeded to her own apartment, where she pinned up her curls, tied a colored apron over her morning dress, and then, selecting a book with which to beguile the time as the preserves were boiling, went to the kitchen. Bridg in the mean season, had brought down the jars, and was lighting the charcoal, and as soon as that was accomplished, Mrs. Morton left to work in earnest, and the ungrateful peaches, which had so little request her previous care, were soon bubbling, and creaming, and pulping as if they had determined that this time there should be no mistake.

Bridg having seen her mistress well under way, and finding there was nothing further wanted, went up stairs with broom and dustpan; and then with clearing the kettle from the rising scum, mending the fire, and dipping now and then into a pleasant volume, the hours flew by unheeded, and good Mrs. Morton was startled, when a violent ringing at the door bell, and the continuous striking of the kitchen clock, as it pulsated its ponderous finger at an hour past twelve, aroused her from her employment. Of course, however, it was no visitor, for the rain still came down, though more gently than in the morning, and she quietly proceeded to despatch the luscious fruit in the clear glass jars, till, in a minute's time, the ring was repeated.

"Those tiresome, fidgety oystermen," said Mrs. Morton to herself "they are sure to disturb me at this time of day," and the dripping and scalding, and arranging herself for a moment, she hastened down stairs.

Sure, ma am, and it's hard work to find any thing at this time of day," said the dripping maid as she opened the basket on her arm, and displayed to the gnawing lady about half a dozen thin crabs. "Sure, I've been all the way to ——— street, and couldn't get anything else."

"Dreadful!" exclaimed Mrs. Morton; "what shall I do?—and what will Mr. Morton say to no dinner? Well, fetty, you must boil them at once, and let them get cold, and try, child, to do the best you can, for you know I cannot leave the ladies," and again she hurried to her friends.

During her absence the Osbornes had started according to their plan, and were ready to discuss at full length and with all possible minuteness, a recent wedding in high life; but Mrs. Morton's appearance soon drew near, grew more and more anxious, and actually trembled when the door opened, and she heard her husband's voice in the hall. Mr. Morton came immediately to the dining-room, exclaiming—well, Louisa, now for thee in a cottage," and as he spoke the Misses Osborne broke upon his astonished vision. A look of horror passed like an electric flash between him and his wife, but instantly by summoning himself he welcomed the ladies with his usual gaiety, complimenting them upon their valor in braving such a storm; and while poor Mrs. Morton vainly watched an opportunity to exchange a word with him and tell him of her dilemma, Bridget, the Misses Osborne broke upon his ears, and he set the table with clean cloth and napkins, threw open the door, and entered with the dinner.

Mrs. Morton, in her confusion, had sent one of them a dozen boiled potatoes, and on the other—alas! for the refined taste of old Ireland—the half of a large leg of cold mutton, and the eight crabs arranged in due order upon the edge of the dish, like a body guard of honor to the large cold mutton—and at the extreme bottom of the dish, in a state of utter confusion, had come to the wise conclusion of turning the whole dinner out, and the consequence was that she encountered the eyes of the ladies in the midst of an unconscionable fit of laughter, in which she was joined by his guests, and after a few moments by his self-possessed wife. The Osbornes enjoyed their family pleasantries, were good natured people in the main.

Mrs. Morton began to apologize, but was assailed with a little more propriety and accommodation the military with a separate encampment, Mr. Morton hastened to the assistance of his wife, which he proposed to drink all their healths, so that by the time his wife returned, followed by the mortified Bridget, they were busy with the cold mutton, and the dinner passed off merrily enough. Mrs. Morton, however, never trusted again to a rainy day for the accomplishment of odd jobs, nor was she ever afterward, I believe caught in like manner with a poor dinner and unexpected guests.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES
Of the Old World.

NUMBER SIXTY-ONE.

DEPARTURE FROM FLORENCE—AN APPENNINE STORM—ITALIAN PEASANTRY—UPPER VALLEY OF THE ARNO—AREZZO—TREATMENT AT THE COUNTRY INNS—LAKE TRASIMENE—FIELD OF HANNIBAL—A NIGHT DRIVE—ARRIVAL AT PERUGIA.

Leghorn, Valley of the Arno, Dec. 22, 1845.

It is a glorious morning after our two days' wailing, though rain and mud, among these steamy Appennines. The range of high peaks among which our celebrated monastery of Camaldoli, he just before us, their summits dazzling with the new-fallen snow. The clouds are breaking away, and a few gray flashes announce the approach of the sun. It has rained during the night, and the fields are all wet, and roads are a mass of mud and water.

We left Florence on the 20th, while citizens and strangers were vainly striving to catch a glimpse of the comet, which was to be the last appearance for—the Lake of Transparency! From the eminence on which we stopped to view the scene, we looked on the city, and the mountains which compass it about. It was a panorama more than usually picturesque, and one which will an exhilarant grace, but we agreed to it rather than spend another half hour bargaining.

In a short time we were called to take our seats and I left with considerable satisfaction a ricketty concern, two-wheeled vehicle, to which a single lean horse was attached. "What!" said I, "is that the carriage you promised?" "Yes Signore! for a calesse," said he, "and there it is!" adding, moreover, that there was nothing mean in the place—no one of the ladies had ever said a word among the and the machine rolled off with a load of sawdust motion, at the rate of five miles an hour.

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the door, looked into the dark passage. To her astonishment, the door into the new building was half open; she advanced to shut it, when again a noise made her turn her head in the opposite direction; and there—oh, Heavens! the poor girl's blood froze in her veins—there, stealing down the passage, its back towards her, was—a wolf! An exclamation of horror which burst from her lips disturbed the animal; it turned, and the light from the half-open door shone on its green eyes and white teeth as it sprang upon her. With one convulsive bound Louisa cleared the threshold, dashed her door to, locked it, barred it, flung a chair against it, and, this done, stood in a state of agony for which no words can exist. She seemed to see all in a moment; herself safe, but those children! those children! not a door closed between them and those dreadful jaws! She was stupified with terror, and a strange, dinning sound, like her heart's own throbbing, filled her ears, and shut out every other sense. "*Dreist wie ein Wolf! Dreist wie ein Wolf!*" she repeated, mechanically; and then, forcing herself from the fainting, trance-like feeling that oppressed her, she thought for one moment that she would follow the wild beast. Her hand was on the lock, but she looked round for some weapon of defence. There was not a thing she could use; not a stanchion to the window, not a rod to the bed. Then she listened at the door, and distinctly heard the trampling claws on the boards. The animal was still close to her door, and there was time, if she could keep her senses together, to consider some means of help. Oh, if she could but have stopped that dinning sound in her ears! but it came again, beating louder and louder, and perfectly paralyzed her. The effort to open the window restored her. How she got out she knew not, but there she was on the damp ground, alone in the open garden. And now there was no time to be lost; she had to get round the end of the house, which was half closed up with bushes, half blocked up with building materials, stones, and timber. But the night had grown darker; she could not see the path; she knew that she was losing time, and yet that all depended on her haste; she felt fevered with impatience, yet torpid with terror. At length she disengaged herself from the broken, uneven ground, and struggled forward. There were the windows of the children's and her cousin's rooms; she had fancied that she could reach and open them with her hands, and call to those within; but how confused was her head! they belonged to a later part of the house, and were much higher than her own. She called, and called, but her voice failed, and no one answered; she stooped for a stone or something to throw up, but only soft grass, or moist leaves came into her hand. Suddenly a scream was heard, it was Constance's voice—scream over scream. Frantic with terror, Louisa now dashed to another part of the house where the servants slept. As she reached it, a figure came towards her. Thank Heaven, it was old Pertel! But those screams—they reached her louder and louder! She could only ejaculate, "*Weiche Prinlas! Weiche Prinlas!*"—"The little ladies! the little ladies!" But he seemed neither to heed her words nor the dreadful sounds that impelled them, and took her hand in peasant fashion, to kiss it. "*Weiche Prinlas! Weiche Prinlas!*" she reiterated; but again he took her hand. She struggled, but he held it firm. She looked down, and there was the fairest, softest hand locked round hers; she looked up, and there was the sweetest, gentlest face bent laughing over her.

"I must say, darling, you speak better Esthnish in your sleep than you do when you are awake. What has made you sleep so late? Olga has been knocking twice at your door—she would not come in unbidden for the world—and Constance has been screaming, in one of her fits of play, till the whole house heard her. And when I came at last, and took your hand to waken you, you only knocked it aside, and ejaculated '*Weiche Prinlas!*' with such a pitiable expression, that I woke you with my laughing. How sound you have slept!"

"Slept!" said Louisa, "indeed I have—such a sleep as I never wish for again! But I see it all; the wolf of yesterday—Olga's knocking—Constance's screaming—your hand!" And she related her dream.

The cousins laughed together, but also thanked God together that such scenes only exist in dreams. For wolves neither jump up to windows, nor open doors, nor walk up and down corridors. Nevertheless, a bar was put on to that door before night.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We receive many poems that are inadmissible on account of their length. Three or four good verses are better than twenty bad ones—and a short tolerable piece will find acceptance, where a long poem of equal merit is refused. Will our correspondents please bear this in mind.

OUR NATIONAL ANNIVERSARY.

This morning ushers in, amid the roaring of artillery and the strains of martial music, another anniversary of the day when our country took her place as an equal among the nations of the earth. It is but natural, therefore, that our people should hail its return with shouts and congratulations, with festive addresses and the voice of merriment—it would be unnatural were it otherwise. But, amid the general joy, it may not be thought amiss for one who loves his country, to moralize a little over the past, and point out some landmarks for the future.

Much has been said, and is at this moment, most probably, saying, of the great blessing of free institutions. It is well—and yet it would be better, if our orators of the day would go a little deeper into the subject than is their wont, and embrace the occasion to impress upon the minds of their audience the great fact, that even what we call Freedom is only a *means*, and not the long wished for *end*. Justice between man and man, and the promotion of virtue and the true progress of our race towards the millenium era, should be the great aim and purpose of government. Only in proportion as these ends are attained, can a government be said to be successful. We are advocates of free institutions, because we believe they are most conducive to justice and virtue. The pleasure of having, as some one sarcastically expressed it, "our forty thousandth part of a voice in the great national palaver," is to us, of itself, a matter of very little importance. Liberty, which is a nation's free-agency, is a gift to be received with fear and trembling. From this time forward you govern yourselves. You have no rulers upon whom to lay the blame of wicked deeds, either at home or abroad. The people itself is responsible.

What, then, is the true glory of a nation? Not so much that it is Free, as that *it knows how to use its Freedom*. It is not only because he is a free agent that a man should exult, but that being a free agent, he bows in willing obedience to the laws of his Creator. And there is no difference between the individual and the nation, in this respect. A nation is as much bound to conform to the just and the right, as its individual members. There is one law for both—do right, and prosper; do wrong and perish. There is not, there cannot be any other law—for God, the God of both, is just.

The point which we would impress, then, upon those who may read this brief article is, that while it is an honorable distinction for a nation to be Free, it is but the beginning of its labors. After a people have thrown off the yoke, and asserted their right to Liberty, then comes up the great question, how will they use that Liberty? If they sit down idly, imagining that with their Freedom all is gained, and that there is no longer any need of heroism or self-denial, but that henceforward they may wander where they choose, and pluck at will, unmindful of the eternal barriers the Almighty has set between the true and the false, the right and the wrong, their Liberty will prove but a liberty to rush the more swiftly into the jaws of destruction. But if, on the contrary, they still cherish that heroic and self-denying spirit, that first gave them a place among the nations; and march on steadily in the same laborious but noble course, always supporting the right and opposing the wrong, doing away year by year with everything among themselves that is unjust, vicious and unholy; growing thus continually in the knowledge of good and the hatred of evil; such a people shall prosper, day by day, and be to the surrounding nations as a light set upon a hill, that cannot be hid, for a visible glory as of the smile of the Almighty shall rest continually upon it.

And may the great Father of all grant, that so it may be with our country. May this, the land of our birth and of our love, ever keep in view the eternal landmarks of justice and right, and seek to conform her institutions more and more to what these great principles require. Our churches resound every Sabbath with that prayer, the vast meaning of which cannot be fully comprehended by any mortal man, although it slides so glibly from thousands of lips: "Thy will be done on earth, as it is done in heaven!" This includes everything, and is, moreover, continually asked for—and yet how many of those that utter it, will set their faces like a flint, against every attempt to reduce the chaos and injustice and violence and misery of earth, to something more conformable to the order and justice and harmony and happiness of heaven. But we trust that a better day is dawning upon the world—a day when Christianity shall not only be in word and formal prayer, but in love to all and in a holy life. That the time shall come, when the new shall not be scorned because it is new, neither the old because it is old; but that the question shall not be whether anything be new or old, but whether it be right or wrong. Then, as each succeeding year brings around the anniversary of our nation's birthday, may we be able to point to new conquests made in the domains of "Chaos and old Night,"—conquests over injustice and selfishness, over falsehood and misery, and fresh kingdoms added to the dominions of order and eternal day. Then, even should our joy prove less noisy than at present, it would be none the less sincere—but, on the contrary our hearts should swell with natural pride, blended with thanks to Him who ruleth over the nations, "that he had done so much for this people!"

MARTIN LUTHER.

We were very much surprised to find in looking over the life of Martin Luther, by Michelet, a short time since, that the great Reformer did not consider Polygamy an unchristian institution. He says in one of his works: "I confess I cannot say that Polygamy is repugnant to Holy Scripture, yet would not have the practice introduced amongst Christians, who ought to abstain even from what is lawful, in order to avoid scandal, and in order to maintain that decorum which St. Paul requireth under all circumstances." And again: "Polygamy is not allowable amongst Christians *except in cases of absolute necessity*."

Our readers will perceive by the above extracts, that while Luther objects to the practice, the objection is put entirely upon the ground of decorum and the duty which is incumbent upon men to deny themselves upon occasion even in lawful things. As a further proof also of this, we have an account of the reduction of the doctrine to practice, by one of the Protestant leaders, the Landgrave of Hesse. The Landgrave was anxious to take a second wife during the lifetime of his first, who, from his account, was anything but an agreeable woman; but as he was somewhat doubtful about the propriety of it, he submitted the matter to the consideration of the most famous divines of the Protestant party. Luther and his friends were very much embarrassed by the course of the Landgrave. But an answer to his message upon the subject must be returned, and all the theologians of Wittemberg were assembled to consider the subject. The result of their deliberations "was a compromise. He was allowed a double marriage, on condition that his second wife should not be publicly recognized." It seems that they were not willing to sanction the general practice of Polygamy, but were willing to make an exception in the case of the Landgrave. The answer was signed by Luther, Melancthon, Martin Bucer, Antony Corvin, and several others.

The fact of such a marriage being allowed at all, to any one, under any circumstances, is conclusive proof to us, that Luther and his friends did not consider Polygamy an unchristian institution. Neither do we wonder at it. The early Protestants clung to the Bible which they had wrested from the Catholic priesthood, as to the Ark of the Covenant. Luther dared not, in the enthusiastic veneration with which he contemplated the Holy Scriptures, denounce as false any thing that they had at any period of the world allowed to man. Polygamy was an institution among a people of whom such men as Abraham and David and Solomon were the chiefs. They were not condemned in its practice—how then could it be wrong? And if not wrong then, why now? We repeat that it was very natural for the early Protestants to take this view of the subject.

But as the eyes of men grew accustomed to the bright light of the Reformation, these things became plainer to their view. They saw then, that institutions which are allowable in days of comparative ignorance and darkness, become wrong in days of greater light. They listened to the words of the Redeemer: "The times of ignorance God winked at"—and glorified the Almighty that he had permitted a brighter day to dawn upon the world. They began to look upon the Law and its observances, but as schoolmasters to lead unto Christ. They reverently quoted the words of the Apostle, that *because* the old was imperfect, it had passed away.

We do not, therefore, attach the least blame to Luther and his friends, for their hesitation in condemning this patriarchal institution. It does not impair in the least that noble ideal statue of Martin Luther, which fills one of the niches in our mental temple of departed heroes. He was a most wonderful man—gifted with a nature so broad and expansive, that while it touched the severe, almost the harsh on one side, it mingled with all that was tender and affectionate on the other. Hear, for instance, his remarks after the death of his daughter Madeline. When they placed her on the bier, he exclaimed, "My poor, dear little Madeline, you are at rest now." Then looking long and fixedly at her, he said, "Yes, dear child, thou shalt rise again, shalt shine like a star! Yes, like the sun! . . . . I am joyful in the spirit; but oh, how sad in the flesh! It is a strange feeling this, to know that she is so certainly at rest, *that she is happy, and yet to be so sad!*"

It is recorded that when this little daughter was in the agony of death, Luther threw himself on his knees by her bedside, and weeping bitterly, prayed to God that he would spare her. She breathed her last in his arms. In one of his letters a short time afterwards he says, after speaking of the death of Madeline, and that he knew he ought to be thankful for her happy deliverance from the many troubles of this world; "Nevertheless the force of instinct is so great, that I cannot forbear from tears, sighs and groans,—say rather, my very heart dies within me. I feel engraven on my inmost soul her features, her words and actions; all that she was to me in life and health, and on her sick bed, my dear, my dutiful child. . . . She was, as you know, so sweet, so amiable, so full of tenderness."

How beautifully the softness and tenderness of the stern Reformer's character come out in these extracts. And could anything be finer than this of Woman: "When Eve was brought before Adam, he was filled with the Holy Ghost, and gave her the most beautiful and glorious of names, calling her *Eva*, that is, mother of all living. He did not call her his wife, but mother, mother of all living. This is woman's glory and most precious ornament." Or this: "One evening, noticing a little bird perched on a tree as if to take up its rest for the night, he said, 'This little thing has chosen its shelter, and is going peacefully to sleep; it does not disturb itself with thoughts of where it shall rest to-morrow, *but composes itself tranquilly on its little branch, and leaves God to think for it.*'"

THE NORTH AMERICAN.

Messrs. Graham & Cummings, proprietors of the North American, of this city, have dissolved their connection. Mr. Cummings retires, and Mr. Graham continues the publication of the paper. The North American has been a very ably conducted sheet, independent in its politics, though not neutral—inclining strongly to the Whig policy. Mr. Graham, its present proprietor, is, as our readers well know from his former connection with the Post, a gentleman of great energy and perseverance, and exceedingly well calculated to maintain the high character for ability that the North American has already acquired. R. T. Conrad is associated with him in the editorial department.

THE COFFEE-BAG PLOT.

"*I lift the veil.*"—*St. Jest.*
"*I tear it asunder.*"—*Tellem.*

It is doubtless well known to our readers, that Coffee-bags have been in use for some time among the fairer portion of creation, as a substitute for bustles—but they may not have been aware of the deep political scheme that was hidden under the skirts of this new and curious fashion. We have kept the secret faithfully, so long as it seemed likely to be successful; but now that it is, metaphorically speaking, all torn and crumpled, we intend to imitate the example of a certain quadruped, which is proverbially known to depart from an unsafe oceanic vehicle of conveyance, or, in more vulgar terms, to desert a sinking ship.

The introduction of Coffee-bag skirts, we unhesitatingly declare, was nothing more nor less than a device of the Bostonians to save the tariff. Start not, unsuspicious reader—was not Rome saved by a goose, why not then the tariff by a Coffee-bag? The Abbott Lawrences, and their compeers of Boston, are shrewd men; and, moreover, their wives and daughters are the leaders of the fashions in that famous city. They reasoned thus—if the tariff is much reduced, a duty will have to be laid upon tea and coffee—the women rule the world, and if we can only enlist them in opposition to such taxes, the tariff will be saved. The Coffee-bag skirts were thought of—a certain beautiful young lady appeared that afternoon in the streets, attracting every eye by the unusual elegance of her *tournure*, not only appeared but caught, *purposely*, her dress in a hook, and revealed to a hundred eyes, "Prime Old Java," the cabalistic words of the new fashion. The accident was published in the next morning's papers, it spread from Maine to Louisiana, from the capes of the Delaware to the extremest settlement of Oregon; the lady in her gorgeous saloon asked her betrothed for Coffee-bags, the barefooted girl in the Western prairie, demanded of her lover a coffee-bag as the price of her hand—"coffee-bags, coffee-bags," was the incessant cry from old maids and young ones, from wives and from widows, by night and by day.

The tariffites were in ecstacies. "Let them," said they, exultingly, "let them dare to touch coffee with a heavy hand, while there is this demand from the wives and mothers and sisters of the land, for coffee-bags!" The administration paused.

But alas, alas, for human plans and expectations. In some unlucky moment, "patent skirts" were invented, and the age of the Coffee-Bag, "that unbought grace of life" like the age of Chivalry, in the eloquent language of Burke, "was extinguished forever." Never, never more shall we behold "*prime old Java*," through the thin texture of some fair maiden's dress; never again that "proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart," which prompted the young lover to go round from grocery to grocery in a weary hunt after coffee bags; and which kept alive, even in this very servitude of love, itself, the spirit of an exalted *freedom*. "Patent skirts, elastic, light, and not very expensive, which do not crumple after sitting, but at once assume their natural shape," are now all the rage—and the fate of the Tariff is again doubtful. Surely, never before was so shrewd and well apparaled a scheme, so unhappily thwarted.

FANNY FORESTER.

A correspondent of the U. S. Gazette gives the press generally, a sound berating for its impertinent remarks upon this lady's marriage with Dr. Judson. As we have offended, ourselves, somewhat in this respect, and expressed our opinions with a greater degree of freedom than propriety warrants, we submit our back in all humility to the lashing of this friend of Fanny, and promise to offend no more in future—*without great provocation*.

It is, however, not a little amusing, that this gentleman, who has taken up the cudgels against "the violators of the sanctities of private life," should enter himself into an argument to prove the propriety of the match. He alludes to the objections that have been made to the Doctor's age, and gives the gossiping public the following curious information: "Dr. Judson is in the very heydey (query, *hey-day*) of life—his eye has not lost a sparkle of its brightness, nor has his raven hair been touched by the spoiler." Proving in other words, that a gentleman of sixty may still be "in a fine state of preservation."

He also indulges in a beautiful strain of sentiment, as follows: The Doctor has "devoted himself to an arduous and ill-requited service, which can be *made* endurable only by the presence of a sympathizing friend, actuated by a like enthusiasm, such an one as he will have in his wife—Holy name! there is in the world no terror nor darkness for one who walks hand in hand with a true *wife*. He did wisely to marry, and most wisely to marry Fanny Forester, whose piety, gentleness, and enthusiasm made her a fit companion and co-worker for the 'bearer of glad tidings' into the 'shining orient.'"

But nothing is said about Fanny being *the third wife*. Her apologist either forgot this, or else thought an allusion to it, might sour the sweet milk of his sentiment.

But there is no reason in agitating this delicate subject further. The deed is done—Miss Emily Chubbuck is now Mrs. Emily Judson—and sure we are, that many are the kind wishes that have been expressed by a public whom she has so often delighted with her charming stories, for her health and happiness in her far eastern home. What though the paragraph makers have indulged a little in their quips and jests—it is their vocation, Hal, and as some one quaintly observes, "scandal is a proof of the interest that is taken in you, and the love that is felt for you." We trust, therefore, that Fanny will not allow the foolish things that have been said, to trouble her in the least; for depend upon it, the very ones that have originated them, would be the first to defend her, if she really needed a defender.

EXCURSIONS FOR THE FOURTH.

There are as is usual, numerous opportunities offered to our citizens to leave the heat and confinement of the city, and spend their Fourth in the fresh air of the surrounding country. And those who have been in the habit of so doing, have but a faint idea of the extent to which this desertion of the city is carried. The streets, in the middle of the day, often are nearly entirely deserted—and we do not wonder at it, considering the various inducements offered by the proprietors of the various railroad and steamboat lines that centre in Philadelphia.

For instance, the proprietors of the New York Lines offer to take passengers to that city on the 2nd 3rd and 4th, with the privilege of returning on the 4th, 5th or 6th, for the exceedingly low price of *Four Dollars* for the excursion. Numbers will no doubt avail themselves of this opportunity to visit the great metropolis of the Empire State.

The managers of the Philadelphia, Germantown and Norristown Railroad, have also reduced their rates for Excursions on the Fourth—and many will doubtless be allured to spend their holiday in Germantown, Manayunk, Norristown and the intervening places.

We notice, also, projected excursions for Fort Penn, Salem, &c., down the River, and for Burlington, Bristol, Bordentown, and Trenton, up the River. Surely no one need complain, this year, that he does not know where to spend his holiday.

One word more and we have done. We trust that those of our citizens who partake in these excursions, will studiously refrain from those little freaks which, though perhaps harmless in themselves, are calculated to give offence to the inhabitants of the neighboring towns and villages.

AMERICAN POETRY.

We have always contended that there was more native poetical talent in this country than in any other, and that it only needs cultivation to bring it to a point of perfection that shall astonish the old world. In proof of this, we would refer to the large amount of very fair poetry, that is continually appearing in our various newspapers and magazines, and which is greatly superior to the poetry found in the same quarters ten years ago. Beside this, we would refer to the advertising columns of nearly every paper in the country, and prove by the fact that merchants and traders appeal to the public in verse, when they wish to make an extra exertion, that these clear headed classes, with intuitive sagacity have already perceived and taken advantage of the very poetic character of the American mind. But our attention has been more particularly aroused by the following, which the Norwich Journal says may be found "daubed on a board with lamp-black, and stuck out for a grocery sign, about forty-four miles south of Utica, N. Y." Would it not be well for Mr. Poe to include the author among his New York Literati, and thus bring struggling genius into notice.

> "I put this sign up here,
> To let you know I sell Crandle's beer,
> I make this sign a little wider,
> To let you know I don't sell cider."

PEACE ADDRESS.

We published some time ago, as our readers will remember, an Address from the Women of Exeter, England, to the Women of Philadelphia, on the subject of the preservation of peace between the two countries. The Exeter Address was signed by 1,623 women of that town. We now have the pleasure of publishing an answer by the Women of Philadelphia, signed by 3,525 of our fair citizens. The Answer has been handsomely written out, and handed to the British Consul at this place, who has kindly consented to forward it to its destination. While it befits all to be "peace-makers," the words of charity and love and mutual forgiveness of injuries, fall with peculiar appropriateness from the gentle lips of women. We rejoice that the influence of woman is being yearly more and more exerted, to refine, to humanize and to soften the manners and institutions of the world. God bless the women—"where," as Toney says, "would we be, if it had not been for them?"

From the Women of Philadelphia, U. S. A., in answer to the friendly Address of the Women of Exeter, England, on the subject of Peace.

Dear Sisters: Your Address has met with a cordial reception by us. Heartily do we respond to your earnest desire, that so terrible a calamity as war, between your country and ours, may never come upon us. We feel assured that the fraternal addresses, sent by thousands of English men and women, will do much toward averting so fearful an evil.

We rejoice that your attention has been awakened to this subject; and that you have been thus ready to acknowledge the bond of human brotherhood—a bond far more holy, than that mistaken patriotism, "which would make the people of two nations, whose interests are identical, enemies of each other, thus impeding the progress of peace and good-will to man."

We hold it to be the duty of women, to look with an attentive eye, upon the great events which are transpiring around them; in order that, with an enlightened judgment, as well as with a feeling heart, they may direct the force of their moral influence against the iniquitious spirit of war. Great is the responsibility of woman, in relation to this subject. The false love of glory, the cruel spirit of revenge, the blood thirsty ambition, swelling the breast of the soldier in the battle-field; these are often but the ripened harvest from the seed sown by his mother's hand, when in his childish hours she gave him tiny weapons, and taught him how to mimic war's murderous game.

Let us, dear sisters, be increasingly faithful in all our relations, whether of the social circle, or the more extended sphere, by the mighty influences that cluster around the domestic hearth, and by the way side—by the pen and the press—in bearing testimony to the superiority of the law of Christian love and forgiveness, over that of physical force.

We are gratified that the present difficulties between our countries are being amicably settled; but let us not forget that we have other brethren, entitled to our sympathy, urging upon us the duty to impress upon the heart of this generation the idea of the brotherhood of the race. The war waged by your government in India, and that by ours against the Mexicans, admonish us that it is now as ever, important to instil the principles of justice, mercy and peace.

For your word of counsel and cheer, we thank you; and would unite with you in prayer, that the kingdom of our Father in Heaven may come, and the Gospel of his dear Son, breathing "peace on earth and good-will to man, may extend from sea to sea, and from the rivers to the ends of the earth."

With reciprocal expressions of regard,
We are yours for universal Peace.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Admirers as we are, of the character and writings of the author of "Past and Present," we could not but laugh at the following criticism upon his style, which we find in one of "*Juniper Hedgehog's Letters*." *Juniper* quotes a couple of passages from Mr. Carlyle's work on Oliver Cromwell, the poorest, as we think, of all his productions.

"'But in Oliver's time, as I say, there was still belief in the judgments of God; in Oliver's time, there was yet no distracted jargon of 'abolishing capital punishment,' of Jean Jacques philanthropy, and universal rosewater, in this world, still so full of sin.'

"Mr Carlyle is a great writer for certain; nevertheless—but then, I'm only a cabman—some of his passages remind me of a basket of eels: you can see there's wriggling and life in what's before you: but for all that, you are sometimes plaguily puzzled to make out the proper heads and the proper tails.

"'Only in late decadent generations, fast hastening towards radical change *or final perdition*, can such indiscriminate mashing up of good and evil into one universal patent-treacle, and most unmedical electuary of Rousseau sentimentalism, universal Pardon and Benevolence, with dinner and drink, and one cheer more, take effect in our earth. Electuary very poisonous, as sweet as it is, and very nauseous; of which Oliver, *happier than we*, had not yet heard the slightest intimation, (the author *knows* this) even in dreams.'

"When I read this, Sam Biggs called it 'very startling;' and so the sound of it—just the sound—is very startling, in the same way that any man would be very startling, if he walked about the world with a speaking trumpet to his mouth, making a row with, 'how d'ye do?' 'it's a fine day,' 'what's o'clock?'—things common-place enough when uttered like a Christian, but to some folks very startling when turned inside out, and bellowed as though every syllable had been fished up from the well of truth, and was as great a discovery as North and South America."

A GOOD STORY.

The Baltimore Patriot tells the following good story: "Dr. Green, of Princeton College was always particular to impress upon his class the great importance of having a lucid understanding of the sacred writings, and always took care to assure them how much pleasure he would have in explaining any seemingly dark or doubtful passages. 'Doctor,' said a student, 'you were kind enough today to inform us again of your willingness to enlighten us upon the doubtful passages of Scripture.' 'Yes,' replied the doctor, 'it is one of the most agreeable parts of my duty to do so.' 'I have been troubled of late very much about a certain passage,' continued the student. 'You of course remember the parable of the seven devils who were cast out of a certain man. Those devils, driven from the man, took to swine, the swine took to the sea, and were drowned; now what became of the devils?' The tradition runs, that the doctor very gravely sent the pupil to his books, and as soon as he left the room, that the staid professor was heard to laugh very heartily. But he did not answer the question."

The Patriot goes on to state, that the student referred to, who propounded the question "hard to be answered," has since risen to the highest honors in one of the learned professions, but still continues his "searches after knowledge," though not "under the difficulties" of his early years.

IMPORTANT RUMOR.

The following information, which we derive from the North American, is stated by them to come from a source entitled to credit. We give it, however, as one of the many rumors that abound, and that may prove either false or true.

"Gen. Taylor has 'conquered peace' in earnest. The States west of the Rio Grande—or some of them—are disposed to make common cause with the Americans and under their *guarantee* form themselves into a new and distinct Republic, on the Anglo-American basis of free toleration in religion, supremacy of the civil law, universal education, and the uniform administration of justice. A proposition has been made at Washington in behalf of a number of the leading inhabitants of the States of Taumaulipas, Chihuahua and Zacatecas, entreating a cessation of hostilities on our part, on the ground that being equally aggrieved by the Supreme Government of Mexico we should be the friends and allies, rather than the devastators of the country north of the Tropic. All the educated classes, (including many of the priests,) are in favor of coming under the government of the United States as a provisional territory.

"It is furthermore said that the mass of the people are sick of bloodshed and misrule under the Mexican government, and earnestly solicit the protecting arm of the United States."

MEXICAN PRIVATEERS.

The Kingston (Jamaica) Morning Journal, of the 6th ult., says—"There was a report yesterday from the Brigantine Telegraph, at this port, from New Orleans, that she was boarded by a Mexican Privateer, and on ascertaining she was a British vessel, was permitted to proceed unmolested. The Captain of the Telegraph also states that the Privateer had two American vessels with him as prizes."

SUN PICTURES.

A correspondent of the Boston Atlas gives an account of the process of obtaining what are called, in Europe, "Sun Pictures," which appear to be similar to Daguerreotypes, only that they are taken on paper instead of metal. They are stated to be quite "the rage" in Europe, at the present time. They are the invention of a Mr. Talbot, and are called by some Talbotypes, in honor of the inventor. After giving a minute description of the process he goes on to say:

"With an atmosphere so transparent as you have it in America, wonders may be effected with this Talbotype paper; and I doubt not that as your Daguerreotypes are far superior to ours, your Calotype drawings will, ere long, put us to the blush. Ladies could scarcely find a prettier employment, than in making transcripts of this sort from nature. In England and France, sun pictures are becoming the rage, and because this is the case, I have spent more time on the subject, than I should otherwise have done.

"I will say that the specimen I alluded to just now, is a view of the principal place in the city of Orleans—in fact, the shadow of the houses and square, thrown on a bit of paper. I can read the signs on the houses—see the place where Joan of Arc harangued the populace, notice the solemn towers of Notre Dame looming up, and even make out the carriages at the shop doors. I enclose it, so that the readers of the Atlas may take a glance at it, if they will call at the office."

PLAN OF THE CAMPAIGN.

The Washington correspondent of the North American, who, by the way, has proved himself exceedingly well acquainted with affairs at the seat of government, and whose predictions, thus far, have been fulfilled nearly to the letter, gives the following as the plan of the campaign that has been determined on against Mexico. After mentioning the appointment of Gen. Taylor as Major General he goes on to say:

"The management of the war is now committed to the hands of Gen. Taylor, whose course thus far has shown him to be eminently worthy of confidence. The plan of operations is exceedingly extensive. The force under Gen. Taylor is to march to the city of Mexico, that under Gen. Wool is to subdue, should there be resistance, the provinces of Chihuahua and Coahuila, and to co-operate with Gen. Taylor; and that under Col. Kearney is to take possession of Santa Fe and to be independent in its sphere. A very large discretion is necessarily entrusted to the commander in chief. *Written orders* to this effect were issued to Gen. Taylor on the 15th ult., the first, it is said, of much moment that have been transmitted to him *for three months past*. They were drawn up by Gen. Scott."

A SENSIBLE GIRL.

A St. Louis paper is responsible for the following:—

"Maria Perkins was arrested in this city on the 7th ult., dressed in men's apparel. She stated that she was led to this course by disgust of the present style of female dress, and astonished the court with an inventory of the number of skirts, &c., &c., which a fashionable woman of the present day is obliged to wear all at once, in order to be satisfied that she sticks out enough. Agreeably to her statement, a lady's dress is not considered complete until she has stowed about her in various directions, and for different purposes, no less than twenty-seven articles of clothing!"

We are not informed what action the court took upon the case, but, doubtless, so far from being reprimanded, Maria was applauded for her independence and good sense. "Twenty-seven *articles!*" We begin to appreciate now the wisdom of the old Greek Philosopher, who said he was thankful to the Gods for three things; first, "that he was a human being and not a brute;" secondly, "that he was a Greek, and not a barbarian;" and thirdly, "that he *was a man and not a woman!*" "*Twenty-seven articles*"—oh, Cupid!

FATHER HEINRICH.

This distinguished musician gave a concert some time since in New York, the proceeds of which were very light, whereupon the Bostonians indulged in some rather satirical remarks upon the musical taste and the generosity of the Gothamites, and promised if the old gentleman would come on to Boston they would do something for him in the "old *Boston* fashion." He accordingly went, and a public meeting was held, a committee of arrangements appointed, and a concert announced for a distant evening. Well, after a great flourish of editorial trumpets in the interim the concert came off—but, alas for Boston liberality, two hundred dollars was all that was realized by the old and destitute musician. It appears that the committee of arrangements supplied themselves and friends so liberally with tickets, that although the house was full, the proceeds were but trifling.

Now, we will venture to say, that if Father Heinrich really be a musician worth listening to, and will come on quietly and unostentatiously, and announce a concert in Philadelphia, that he will put more money into his pocket in one evening, than the whole amount cleared upon those *great* occasions in New York and Boston.

GENERAL TAYLOR.

There are many pains and penalties attached to the condition of a popular favorite, and some of these are being now experienced by this illustrious commander. Instead of being allowed to be born privately and comfortably, in some one place, the newspapers are asserting that he was born all over the country. One editor says confidently that to Kentucky is due the honor of being his birthplace, while another, who speaks with as much authority as if he had been present upon the interesting occasion, declares earnestly that he was born in Virginia; and now, to crown all, a correspondent of the Somerset (N. J.) Whig asserts that he is, like most other eminent individuals, a native of Pennsylvania. We incline ourselves to this latter opinion, not seeing exactly how so able a general could have been born anywhere else—besides it is notorious that the Taylors are very numerous in this State. If, however, he is claimed by many more parts of the country, we shall begin to believe that he was not born at all—but like others of the "rough and ready" school, that he come down the river, from the illustrious land of nowhere, "on a raft."

ELEGANT EXTRACT.

We take the following interesting and well-timed notice from the "Republican Farmer and Democratic Journal," published at Wilkesbarre, in this State. Truly our friend of the Journal knows what he is talking about, and if he always speaks as much to the purpose, must give unbounded satisfaction to the readers of his spirited sheet.

"THE SATURDAY POST.—*This is the best of the Philadelphia Weekly sheets, and is conducted with consummate tact and ability.* It is what it purports to be—but what so many of its contemporaries profess to be, but are not, strictly neutral in politics. Those desiring a paper for the family circle, containing pure, instructive and entertaining reading, together with the latest news, could not suit themselves better than by procuring the 'SATURDAY POST.' *Price* TWO DOLLARS *per annum, in advance.*"

EDGAR A. POE.

This gentleman, in his sketches of the Literati (*little-ratties*) of New York, has taken the liberty to inflict a little of his notice upon Thomas Dunn English; whereupon Mr. English turns round on Mr. Poe, and accuses him of things that, if they be true, will lower Mr. Poe below even the contempt of every honorable man. But we will not believe such charges too hastily, even against Mr. Poe—and we hope, yes *hope* that he will be able to prove that he is not the villain that Mr. English evidently believes him to be. Those "Notices" of Mr. Poe's, that at first only promised a little amusement to uninterested parties, have been the occasion of charges that are too serious to be laughed down. Mr. Poe must now vindicate his own *works* or forever after hold his peace.

REVOLUTION IN JALISCO.

The N. O. Picayune of the 24th, (just come to hand,) furnishes us with the following.

A revolution has broken out in the department of Jalisco. It commenced on the morning of the 20th of May, in the City of Guadalajara.

The batalion of Lagos followed by the bodies of military, and the enthusiastic populace attacked the palace of the Governor so vigorously that the defenders had scarcely time for a single discharge of artillery, by which one man only was killed and one wounded.

INAPPROPRIATE NAMES.

The St. Louis New Era says—"Three steam boats are now lying at the city wharf, all in process of completion, bearing the names of 'Gen. Taylor,' 'Major Ringgold,' and 'Rio Grande'—One to be launched in a few days, will be called the 'Rough and Ready.'"

Toney says these are very inappropriate names, if they intend the boats to *run well*.

Notices of New Works.

SHORES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN. *By Francis Schroeder, 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.* These are very lively and entertaining sketches of travels on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. Mr. Schroeder went out as Secretary to Commodore Joseph Smith, commander of the Mediterranean squadron, which gave him many advantages of seeing and hearing, that he would not otherwise have possessed. The volumes are illustrated with numerous engravings, which give life and interest to the narrative. Our readers can procure them of *Lindsay & Blakiston*, corner of Fourth and Chestnut streets.

THE FOREST MINSTREL.—We are informed that Mrs. Peirson has published another collection of her poems, mostly of a religious character, with the above title. We have not yet received the volume, but, when we do, we shall make some extracts from it for the benefit of her numerous admirers. We publish on our first page this week, an original poem from this lady, the mournful tone of which is like the rustle of dead leaves in the autumn woods. Its only fault is that it is too mournful, and almost made the tears come into our eyes as we read it.

DOMESTIC RECEIPT BOOK. *By Miss Beecher. Harper & Brothers, N. Y. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.* We handed this volume for examination to a family including some half dozen ladies, and they unite in saying that it is the best work upon the subject they have ever seen. We would therefore recommend it with confidence to our female readers, as an invaluable assistant in their households. A strict regard to economy is, we are told, observable in the receipts.

DEFENCE OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT, *by Elder Fredrick Plummer. J. M. Campbell, Philadelphia.*—This book contains Mr. Plummer's argument during a discussion of six evenings between him and that able disputant Charles C. Burleigh.

From the Seat of War

LATEST FROM THE ARMY.

The town of Rionoso has surrendered to the force under Col. Wilson, without resistance, and Camargo has also sent in terms of capitulation. The army continues in good health. The main body, under General Taylor, remains on the right bank of the Rio Grande. Col. Desha's command, consisting of the Washington and Jackson regiments of Louisiana volunteers, are stationed on the left bank. Governor Henderson, with one thousand Texans, reached the Rio Grande on the 10th, accompanied by seventeen Tonkaway Indians.

The volunteers from Alabama, together with the St. Louis and Louisville legions, are at Brazos Island; as are also Colonels Daiken, Peyton, Davis and Weatherston's regiments.

The Committee sent by the Louisiana Legislature, to present the thanks of that body to General Taylor, for his gallant conduct in conducting the war with Mexico, reached Matamoras on the 8th. A dinner had been given to the Committee, at which patriotic and appropriate speeches were delivered.

A letter to the Editors of the N. O. Picayune, from Point Isabel under date of June 8th, says—"News reached here a few moments since, or rather I should say a *rumor*, though it came through a channel that is deserving of confidence—via Matamoras, that Alvarez had declared in favor of Herrera; that Gen. Garcia died a short time since of wounds, received I know not when, and that Gen. Torrejon, (who commanded the two thousand crack troops, who took Capt. Thornton and Hardy, with sixty-three men,) is in a condition which allows no hope of his recovery. He was wounded in some of the engagements with our troops in this vicinity.

"Arista's army is in a sad condition, a severe fever prevailing among his men, which is rapidly reducing their numbers. Gov. Henderson, commander of the Texan volunteers, has this morning arrived at this post, and is now receiving a salute of cannon. The Governor, a tall soldier-like gentleman, of middle age, appears to be in fine spirits. He is accompanied by a small body of fine looking Texan Rangers. A detachment of his troops are now encamped about six miles from this post, on the road to Matamoras. It is understood that they will immediately march some distance on the road to Monterey.

"We learn that Gen. Featherston's regiment arrived at Brazos Santiago in good season. There are seventy-five men out of the regiment sick, although not dangerously. Col. Ballie Peyton, we regret to learn, is sick at Burita, but not seriously."

IMPORTANT FROM SANTA FE.

We are indebted to the St. Louis Era for the following particulars:—

The steamboat Radnor has arrived from Fort Leavenworth, to which place she had carried a considerable quantity of military stores and supplies. Capt. Douglass states that before he left Fort Leavenworth, Mr. Bransford arrived as an express from Bent's Fort, on the Arkansas. He reports that Armijo had been superseded as Governor of Santa Fe and Gen. Urrea appointed in his place, and that the most vigorous steps were taken to prepare for a war of defence and offence: that fortifications and military preparations of various kinds were going on; that a draft was actively progressing in Santa Fe and Chihuahua, and that every third man of the whole population was taken. The Indians were reported to be unfavorable to the Americans, and the Mexicans relied much on their aid.

Gen. Urrea had despatched three hundred troops to march to Bent's Fort, and to meet Spiers's company on the prairies, and conduct it into Santa Fe. This was the company that was said to have taken a quantity of arms and ammunition to Santa Fe, and in pursuit of which Col. Kearney had sent the United States dragoons. Mr. Bransford states that it would be impossible for the dragoons to overtake them before they would arrive at Santa Fe. Mr. B. expressed the opinion very confidently that before that time, Bent's Fort would be in possession of the Mexicans. He also states that Mr. Bent, J. Folger, and Francis Blair, had gone to Chihuahua in the Spring, and had been expected home more than a month, and their failure to arrive had created the impression that they had been arrested and detained as prisoners of war.

The Radnor left Fort Leavenworth on Monday last—at that time nine volunteer companies had arrived at the Fort, and she met the Iowa with Weightman's company at Lexington, and the Amaranth with Fischer's company at Marion. The Iowa would reach the Fort on Tuesday. The company of Capt. Hudson was the only one in uniform, and was remarked for its discipline and orderly conduct. All the regular troops had started over the prairies except thirty or forty. The volunteers from the upper country are said to embrace a large number of bold, ungovernable spirits, who delight in the largest liberty, and it is found exceedingly difficult to subject them to military discipline.

Col. Kearney has much trouble in keeping order, and will probably find it more difficult to discipline some of the Missouri volunteers than to conquer New Mexico. One man had deserted from Capt. Walton's company. The absence of the regular troops and officers renders it more difficult to enforce discipline or teach military tactics. Order and discipline are essential to the safety and success of an army, and should be enforced at all hazards. No man should join the army who is not prepared to submit to its discipline, and comply with the rules and usages of the camp.

LATEST FROM MEXICO.

For the following information we are indebted to the New Orleans papers.

By an arrival at New Orleans from Havana, dates from Mexico to the 30th of May have been received. It is believed very generally that Congress will at once invest Paredes with dictatorial powers for a limited period, and then suspend its sessions. Many deputies had openly declared in favor of this course, and the country appeared to have reached such a crisis.

The French brig Princess Marie arrived at New Orleans yesterday, from Tampico, whence she sailed on the 18th ult. We learn from one of the passengers that the authorities of Tampico were divided into two parties—one of the parties with the military has General Anastasio Tapeda at its head, and was in favor of Federation and Santa Anna; the other party was for arming the people in favor of Federation without Santa Anna. A third was about raising up when our informant left, but none of the parties had come to any understanding yet.

There were at Tampico twelve vessels of different nations, at the time of the blockade there—three British, three French, two Spanish, three American and one Bremen. The authorities were about prohibiting the American vessels to take in their cargoes, but at last Capt. Saunders, of the sloop of war St. Mary's hearing of this, sent a despatch to the authorities, stating that if there were any detentions of American property, no property at all should leave the place. This caused the withdrawal of the order.

The fort at Tampico, a mud affair, had been washed away by a freshet a few days previous to the 8th. The three gun boats lately built at New York for the Mexican service, were lying in the river above Tampico.

Official despatches had arrived at Tampico that Gen. Arista had been removed from the command of the Northern Division of the army, and General Mejia had superseded him. There were only thirteen hundred troops at Tampico on the 8th, and seventy-nine of these were runaway negroes from New Orleans and Havana. These constitute the whole amount of the Mexican forces from Tampico to the Rio Grande.

The New Orleans papers of the 22d contain some further items received at that city by the above arrival.

A Tampico paper of the 4th has the following account of the loss sustained in the battles of the 8th and 9th by the Mexican forces. They are from an official document of General Arista. Killed on the 8th—officers four, soldiers ninety-eight. Wounded—Colonel one, officers ten, soldiers one hundred and sixteen. Missing—soldiers twenty-six. Killed on the 9th—officers six, soldiers one hundred and fifty-four. Wounded—Colonels two, Majors two, officers nineteen, soldiers two hundred and five. Missing—officers three, soldiers one hundred and fifty six. Total killed—ten officers, two hundred and fifty two soldiers. Wounded—five superior officers, twenty-nine officers, three hundred and twenty-one soldiers. Missing—three officers, one hundred and eighty-two soldiers. Grand total—eight hundred and two.

In his letter to the Minister of War, Arista states that the loss he sustained is much less than was at first supposed. Arista sent $450 to General Vega, and $250 to the officers who accompanied him to New Orleans. Before their departure, he also authorized him and his companions to draw on the Supreme Government for their pay, which should be reimbursed to any commercial house that might advance the money.

Paredes was to leave the city of Mexico, at the head of the army of reserve, on the 4th ultimo, for the north, when, after uniting his forces with Arista, he would push forward to avenge the death of his countrymen who fell in the battles of the 8th and 9th May.

The city of Mazatlan has revolted against Paredes, proclaiming Santa Anna President. This occurred on the 6th of May, under the command of Col. Telles.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A ROMANTIC SUPERSTITION AND DISCOVERY—LITERARY NEWS—THE LAST WORDS OF TEGG, THE PUBLISHER—BRITISH MUSEUM AND PARLIAMENTARY GRANTS—A SIMILAR POLICY ON THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE—THE SMITHSONIAN BEQUEST—THE IRON SLAVE—MACHINERY—FAST TRAVELLING—DISCOVERIES AND INVENTIONS—SIX PERSONS POISONED—MISCELLANEOUS.

Bristol, England, June 7, 1846.

There is at all times something interesting, even if absurd, in old superstitions and old world stories. They seem to connect us with the *past* of our race, and to call up to the imagination, if not also to the mind, the men and the times that existed centuries ago. An incident has occurred at Maudland, near Preston, which, connected as it is with a pleasing superstition, will certainly be read with attention by the lovers of the romantic or the marvellous. For ages back, the good people of that neighborhood including all the old inhabitants of the present day, have believed that every year on passing a particular field at Maudlands on Christmas morning, and also on St John's Eve, they have heard the distant and melancholy sound of the chiming of a peal of bells—apparently beneath the ground, and as if they were church or convent-bells. To doubt the reality of thus hearing these spirit-like bells, would be to pass for an infidel at Maudland. Thus the strange sounds continued (in imagination of course) entirely "unaccounted for"—as the credulous say—until last week, when some workmen engaged in digging clay for a brick-yard, revealed the long-buried foundations of a substantial and extensive building, which were quite unknown to the present generation. These foundations appear to be part of an ancient Saxon church, convent, or monastery of the dark ages, and on inquiry, it is found that the old traditions of the country tell of a structure of the kind that once existed there, having been erected and endowed by some noble or royal lady named Maude, (Matilda,) but that the entire edifice, with all its inmates, suddenly and mysteriously sunk down and disappeared in a night! Also that the place was originally called "Maud lands," in honor of the lady and her religious edifice. This is all that is now known. The discovery of the masonry is true—but as for the sound of the mystic bells, why, as Deloraine says—"I tell it as 'twas told to me." The incident has been alluded to in several of the public papers, but not very fully, and philosophers will doubtless account for those—

> "———— Evening bells—
> How many a tale their music tells,
> Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
> When first I heard their pleasing chime—"

—by the doctrine of association, which we all know is powerful and produces vivid images when linked with old memories, traditions and superstitions. Thus I leave the subject to the examination of psychologists. Were Mrs. Radcliffe or Monk Lewis alive—either of them would find it an admirable feature in a romance.

There is but little stirring in the literary world. Lytton Bulwer has written a new historical play, and Sheridan Knowles has become religious, in consequence of which, his friends say, that they have lost an admirable dinner-companion, full of *bon hommie*, and the very "prince of good fellows." He has resolved to write no more for the stage. Tegg, the eminent London publisher, and the pioneer of cheap literature, was gathered unto his fathers last week, in the seventieth year of his age. For more than half a century he was prominent and popular in the publishing world, underwent many vicissitudes—preserving his integrity in all—and at last died immensely rich. Nearly his last words to his friends were—"Truly I can say that passing through life, whether rich or poor, my spirits never forsook me so as to prevent me from rallying again. I have seen and associated with all ranks and stations in society. I have lodged with beggars, and had the honor of presentation to Royalty. I have been so reduced as to plead for assistance, and by the goodness of Providence, I have been able to render it to others." The Andersonian University at Glasgow, has established a chair for a Professorship of Phrenology. Dr. William Weir, is the first Professor, and the celebrated Dr. Andrew Combe, well known in the United States, delivered the Introductory Lecture before a large, learned, and gratified audience. The skeleton of an immense plesiosaurus has been dug up near Cambridge, greatly to the delight of the geologists, and the seekers into the primeval "vestiges of creation." Dickens and family are going to Switzerland. The editor of the Gazette de France has been found guilty of a libel on Louis Philippe, and sentenced to four months imprisonment and a fine of three thousand francs. The press of France is not over free,—in England, such matters are deemed to be unworthy of notice by the Government. The Parliament has made an annual grant of £4,500 for the purchase of new books for the Library and the British Museum, and a proposition is before the House of Commons, to render the annual appropriation for books, £10,000. £2,500 are expended in this establishment every year for binding, catalogueing, &c.; and remember, that all this is over and above the grants for antiquities, specimens in natural philosophy, &c. A similar policy is pursued in France, some of the German nations, and Russia, much to the honor of their governments. The custom ought to be universal, and I remember with pleasure, that one Mr. Smithson, of London, bequeathed a very large sum to the United States, with a similar intent. Why is it not made use of, and an establishment founded that may be deemed worthy of your country, and of the liberality of the benevolent donor? This question is frequently asked here—and no one can give a satisfactory answer.

A new steam plough, harrow, &c., called the "iron slave," has been invented in London, and tried in a field of eleven acres at Blackburn, with perfect success. It performs the labor of several teams, and it is thought will be found very serviceable in hot climates. After all, these machines throw thousands and tens of thousands of men out of employ. Still they increase and cheapen produce and manufactures for human comfort, and largely augment consumption. As a few cases in point, I observe that Fielden, Brothers, cotton manufacturers, use up four hundred and twenty bags of cotton per week, chiefly by machinery;—and that a new locomotive, on the Birmingham Railroad draws one hundred and fifty tons up hill. As a proof of the travelling and time-saving power of steam, I may instance the fact that a few days since, a magistrate of Exeter took his son up to London, to see a few of the sights—the "lions." They breakfasted at home, went to London, remained in the metropolis seven hours, visited St. Paul's, the Tower, Westminster Abbey, the new Houses of Parliament, and other celebrated places, and returned home to supper—having travelled four hundred and thirty miles!

Professor Jacob, of St. Petersburg, has discovered what he calls an "Electrophonic Telegraph," by which words can be expressed by sounds, from station to station. Wonders will never cease. The Professor has communicated his discovery to the Imperial Academy, and made experiments. The Academy has reported favorably of the extraordinary invention. The Austrian Government intends to fortify Vienna, after the fashion of Paris. By the way, this is a kingly invention that bodes no good to the liberty of the subject. The repeal of the duty on glass in England, has caused glass milk-pans to be universally used in dairies—said to be the very best invention ever applied to that purpose.

Some valuable gold mines have been discovered in Australia—a sad discovery for the convicts, many of whom, in the event of these mines being worked, will doubtless be employed as the exiled Russians are in the mines of Siberia. Trade, manufactures and commerce are every where brisk—none but the idle being unemployed, and many of these, from their natural proneness to vice, frequently obtain employment as millers (tread-mill) at the expense of the nation. A scoundrel named John Ball, in good circumstances, recently poisoned his whole family at North Walsham, including himself. The coroner's jury could not ascertain whether the horrible crime was prompted by malice or insanity. All died. Two large iron steamers, the Sea Nymph and Rambler, came into collision a few nights ago, in the Mersey, off Liverpool, when thirty persons were killed or drowned, and seventeen wounded. The Rev. Mr. Dobbie died last week at Annan, from poison in a bottle of porter. Several of his family were alarmingly ill from the same cause, but recovered. The infusion in the porter is believed to have been accidental. Mr. D. was one of the most distinguished ministers of the Free Church of Scotland. A shocking discovery has been made at Runcorn, Liverpool—one Joseph Pimlott and his wife having been committed for trial, on the charge of having murdered two of their children, for the sake of obtaining money from two Burial Societies. The French papers teem with accounts of the massacre of three hundred and fifty French prisoners by the Arabs in Algeria—perhaps in revenge for the suffocation of Arabs in caves by the French Army. How horrible is war!

SMITH FAMILY IN MEXICO.

We are indebted to the New Orleans Tropic for the following scene in Gen. W———'s tent, at Matamoras:

"A very warm day made the almost constant Gulf breeze particularly refreshing; one or two field officers had met in Gen. W———'s tent, to speculate upon what would be done next in the Mexican war. While thus engaged in conversation, a Mexican lady, plainly but tastefully dressed, suddenly interrupted the group, followed by an attendant, and a nurse bearing a child of an exceedingly *blonde* appearance. The officers rose instantly and offered her a chair; her companion placed herself in the rear, and the nurse kept herself outside to amuse the favorite. The lady spoke eloquently and understandingly with her eyes—'I came for some information of much importance to myself,'—her tongue spoke it in Spanish, and although it was as musical as falling water, it was as indefinite in particular meaning to the ears that heard it. An interpreter was instantly sent for and soon made his appearance, when the following conversation ensued.

"Lady—'My name is Signora Soledad Ortega, and I came to enquire for my husband, who is an American; he left, just before the battles for Corpus Christi, and has not yet returned.'

"General—'How long since you saw him?'

"Lady—'Three months. It is three years since we were married, and I am ignorant of what keeps him away.'

"General—'He is detained, probably, on important business, and I trust will soon return; perhaps I may, by hearing his name, recognize an acquaintance.'

"Lady—'His name is Don Soreith.'

"A tall, raw-boned Yankee rose up in our imagination, who had the enterprise to go to Mexico to make a fortune, get a rich wife and improve the country, but the *particular Yankee* was not suggested. Gen. W——— replied that he was not personally acquainted with the lady's husband, and expressed a sincere wish that he would soon return; the conversation then became desultory, and the lady showed she was truly American in heart as well as her husband. She stated with earnest simplicity of manner, that throughout the bombardment of Matamoras she was certain her house would not be struck by the cannon balls, because she was herself Americano, and because of her child; she said, while the dark Castilian blood rushed to her cheeks, that when she heard the firing on the battle field, she prayed to the Saints that her husband was in the battle fighting. The lady then descanted upon the cheap goods the Americans were selling in Matamoras, and said it was a good thing that such was the case; the nurse then brought forward the favorite, whose name the lady in the sweetest tones of the Spanish voice, proclaimed to be Felipe Ortega Smith, and then rising, she adjusted most gracefully her beautiful *rebosa*, and bade the party *adios*, and disappeared."

Political Intelligence.

VERMONT.—The Whig State Convention, recently held in Montpelier, nominated Mr. Horace Eaton, of Enosburg, (now Lieut. Governor,) for Governor; Leonard Sargeant, of Manchester, for Lieut. Governor, and E. P. Jewitt, of Montpelier for Treasurer.

☞ The Whigs of Illinois held a State Convention at Peoria, on the 8th ult., and nominated Thomas M. Kilpatrick, of Scott county, for Governor, and H. E. Wilcox, of Schuyler county, for Lieutenant Governor. The election comes off in August.

DELAWARE.—The Democrats of Delaware nominated on Tuesday week, William Tharp, of Kent county, as their candidate for Governor, and John D. Dilworth, of New Castle, for Congress.

NOMINATED.—Wilson McCandless, Esq., of Pittsburg, has been nominated for Congress by the Democrats of Allegheny County, in this State.

☞ Mr. Buchanan, it is supposed, may be nominated for the vacant seat in the Supreme Court in a few days.

Army & Navy.

GENERAL GAINES COURT MARTIALED.—The Washington correspondent of the Newark (N. J.) Advertiser says the President has ordered General Gaines to be tried by Court Martial, on charges growing out of his recent movement at the South in calling into service volunteers to prosecute the war against Mexico, and that he is now under arrest awaiting the organization and convening of the Court.

It is also stated in an exchange paper that Col. Gates, of the U. S. army, has been ordered to the Rio Grande, as a member of a General Court Martial, to try Colonel Whistler, of the infantry, and Captain Thornton, of the dragoons, under arrest by order of Gen. Taylor.

☞ Our Army in Mexico, is paid its dues in specie.

Religious Intelligence.

YEARLY MEETING OF FRIENDS.—The yearly meeting of Friends in New England, which commenced in this town on Saturday morning last, and continued by adjournment from day to day, was brought to a close yesterday afternoon.

The difficulties that took place in the Society at the meeting last year, and which led to an open rupture, we regret to say still continue. There were two bodies in session during the whole week, both claiming to be the New England Meeting of Friends. The majority of the denomination met at their usual place—and the other body occupied the Starke street meeting house.—*Newport, R. I., Mercury, June 20th.*

☞ The first Protestant sermon ever preached in Mexico, was by the Rev. Mr. Crenshaw, a chaplain of the army.

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JOHN NEWELL, Chester, East and West Pa.

JNO. P. JOHNSTON, assisted by *Eli H. Stowe-man*, for Kentucky.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is our Agent for the Southern part of Pennsylvania and Delaware, assisted by *James L. Bellangee*, *P. Gilmore*, *Wm. Bell*, *Wm. Wilson*, *Wm. Wardle*, *B. Heaney*, *T. S. Waterman*, and *John Calhoun*.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Boston; JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO DISTANT PUBLISHERS.

At some of the difficulties have arisen on the subject of the transmission of subscription moneys to publishers under the operation of the new Post Office law, we think proper to give the following synopsis of the regulations under which moneys may be paid:

The Post Master where the money (not exceeding ten dollars in amount) is remitted, shall, if requested by the person who deposited it, specially advise the Post Master at the usual direction of the letter, of the name of the person by the letter, who endorsed and payable it to the Post Master where the money is payable.

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Congressional News.

The business before the Senate during the last week has been but of minor importance.

General Taylor and Colonel Butler nominated by the Senate to the Senate, have been confirmed.

The following gentlemen have been nominated by the President as Brigadier Generals: General Patterson, Colonel Kearney of the United States Army, Amos Lane, Thomas Marshall and Mr. Whitman.

The nomination of Col. Page, as Collector of the 3d Auditor's office, has been laid on the table by the Committee. But little doubt exists, however, of his confirmation.

The Senate on Naval Affairs in the Senate have unanimously agreed to insert in the Navy Appropriation bill the sum of $1,500,000 for the Navy Dock at Philadelphia, and $500,000 for one at Pensacola. The character of the dock should the appropriation be made, will be left entirely to the competent Committee of scientific gentlemen.

Mr Calhoun has presented the Report of the Secret Committee, which has been read, without the ceremonial and proceedings of the late Memphis Convention. In presenting the Report, Mr. Calhoun briefly stated the leading doctrines it treated upon in veil—In relation to the improvement of the rivers and harbors of the Mississippi, that the Committee were unanimously of opinion that Congress had the right to improve the navigation, under the provision of the constitution to regulate commerce between the States. All of the Committee, except the Senator from Louisiana, were of opinion that the power is granted for the improvement of the channel of the river.

The Senate have also had under consideration the bill to grant pre-emption rights to settlers of public lands. The bill divides the lands into six classes, first class, two dollars per acre; second class, one dollar and a quarter per acre; third class, one dollar; fourth class, fifty cents per acre; fifth class, twenty-five cents per acre, and sixth class, twelve and a half cents per acre.

Mr Dayt. offered an amendment, making a sixth class at 12½ cents.

In the House the new Tariff Bill has been the nearly exclusive subject of discussion. It is difficult to prophesy what will be the result.

The House bill for organizing and officering volunteers was passed without amendment.

On Tuesday last, on motion of Mr. Wick of Indiana, the Foreign Military Affairs were instructed to inquire into the expediency of increasing the pay of officers and soldiers of the regular regiments in the army, by giving 1 to all enlisted ing between the first of July and the first of November.

Hon. James Buchanan was nominated on the 1st instant to the Senate, as one of the Judges of the Supreme Court. He has consequently taken leave of the State Department.

General News.

☞ A very singular transaction has taken place at Frankfort Ky. At the June term of the Franklin Circuit Court, 1845, Mr. Hall was convicted of a pillor and sentenced another. The displaced man took an appeal from this action up to the Court of Appeals, which, after a hearing decided the sensible Kentucky law mistaken. This the County tolerably well do, but Tuesday, five days after, he called to appear before the Court of Appeals, to show cause why they did not enter and carry into effect the mandate sent to them, and, he refusing to appear, were thrown into prison. The Legislature has interested in the matter, and will settle it, of course.

☞ A Washington letter says — The subject of Commander Mackenzie's mission to Havana, is to see whether there is to be any interference against our commerce, and, if so, to take means to prevent it. This is the open and avowed object. A member of the Cabinet is said to have refused to go not on any secret. There may be also some secret objects; but I don't believe that this government wishes to re-operate or seek any alliance with Santa Anna.

☞ The Boston Traveller has a letter from London, which says American ice is now in great demand in London, owing to the extreme mildness of the winter season and the extreme mean weather. A fine cargo would go off rapidly. There is a government depot at the St. Katherine's Docks, made expressly for American ice.

CHEMICAL DISCOVERY.—A letter-writer in Washington to the Journal of Commerce of that has left the city, without saying "good bye." He lived, we must remark, on rice. His congregation will shortly make an expose.

It is said that he reduced the daughter of one of the richest planters.

☞ The rumor that Mr. Slidell, late Minister to Mexico, had departed from Washington on his way to the Rio Grande, is contradicted by the fact that he was in New York on Wednesday week, on his way to Saratoga, where he purposes to spend the summer. So he is not going to "settle the war," whoever else may.

☞ Van Amburgh, the lion tamer is now in Boston, alive and well, as at the bigness.

ODD TOBACCO.—The Pittsburg Chronicle says: "In a single warehouse in this city there are now lying, awaiting transportation east, 2,000 hhds of tobacco, 1,000 of which were raised in Ohio. If Western farmers not look to her laurels, Ohio will soon rival her in the production of this article of commerce."

☞ The Washington Union says that Gen. Vega has asked permission of the Government, through Gen. Gaines, to leave New Orleans and visit other parts of the United States, and no doubt his wish will be acceded to without difficulty.

☞ Mr Wood, who recently travelled through Mexico, has published a valuable account of the country in the Washington Union. He says that at Queretaro the small change current consists of cakes of soap. Rather soapy that.

☞ The wife of one of the Louisville volunteers was much opposed to his leaving home, and to avoid the pain of a farewell, he left home without bidding his good by; soon after, she heard of his departure, and dropped dead on the floor.

Casualties.

LOSS OF BOTH SQUARES.—Slipe from the office of the Newport (R. I.) Mercury: "Last night a sloop from the bay Portledge, at Marbin's Vineyard, and the loss of thirty five? The principal particulars have not been received, but the steamboat are condemned into as brief a space as possible.

☞ Elder Jacob Knapp has been preaching in Boston lately. In one of his discourses he compared sinners in this wise. He said the "power of gallinere is what does the work. A few years since it would command 25c/lb, and white 5%. Ounce—Sales of 1000 Mexican and good Virginia at 2½c/70, and Delaware Sts.; 2000 Pa. at 5d.

PROVISIONS—There is but little activity in pork, and prices have declined 25c per bbl. Sales of 250 bbls Mess at $15.25@15.50, and prime at $13.50. 75 per bbl. Beef is cash and time. Rums—Moderate sales of shoulders at 5d; sides 5@5½; and hams 5a5c per lb, for common to prime quality. Lard remains about the same. Sales of 7200 kegs at 6 to 6¼c for Nos 2 and 1; 150 bbls of prime at 6½c. Butter—Sales of 200 bbls at 5@6c for fresh and in firkins at 6@7c. Cheese—Sales at 5@6c.

AMERICAN CLOTH—The market exhibits no activity, and prices have not varied.

ASHES—Manier inactive, and no sales of consequence. Sales are held at $4.62½ per 100 lbs.

BARK—There has been more enquiry for quercitron bark, with sales of 100 hhds at $42, 75 and $43 for No. 2d and No 1 quality. Spanish oak at $41, and peach oak at $30.

BEESWAX—No sales of magnitude—we guess yellow at 20a30c per lb.

BOOTS & SHOES—Trade as active as former rates, under the belief that a duty will be laid on coffee, which will increase the value of leather. Sales reported to have limited to 3a4@5 bags Rio, at 9¼c; and 350 Pr. Domingo at 9½c. Sugars—Sales of 1000 hhds Cuba, at 4½c.

COPPER—A sale of sheathing at 23. c. nom.

COTTON—The cotton market continues dull and lax. Sales of 1.0 bales, comprising Mobile and New Orleans at 7½ to 8c, and sales of 100 bales at 8½, 12 and 13½ for Sea Island and Sea Island. Spanish oak at $41, and peach oak at $30.

DRUGS & DYES—Sales limited. Some interest noted at 12, and ammonia at 7½, and salvatus at 3½c per lb.

FISH—Sales of No. 1 large mackerel at $10.50a10.62½ per bbl; small do. $7.50; and shad-ends 7½ at $5.12½ at. No sales from vessels.

FLOUR—Sales at Philadelphia and Yards at $4.75 per bbl. Rye—Limited sales at $3.50a3.56 per bbl. Corn Meal—Sales at $3.12½ per bbl.

GRAIN—The arrivals have been light, and the demand for wheat is less active. Sales of 20,000 bus good red prime at 80c; and 5000 bus white at 82; and mixed with white at 81a82; prime white 83a84; good southern red at 80c. We quote good and prime Pa. red at 80@83c. Harvesting has commenced, and the yield is less than on average in this vicinity. Rye—Sales at 60@62c; southern we quote at 57. Corn—Arrivals light, with a good demand. Sales of round yellow at 74, and of 2000 bus damaged and good; southern yellow at 51a52c; and white at 53a55c, and white 5%. Oats—Sales of 1000 bus Delaware and good Virginia at 29a30, and Delaware Sts.; 2000 Pa. at 34.

HAY—Sales of 100 bales at 87½c per 100 lbs.

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☞ A London letter in the Boston Traveller gives this account of the habits of Queen Victoria: "Her Queen is a pattern to her sex. She rises at eight o'clock, enters the nursery at eight, to indulge in a romp with her children, like any other mother at one; then she proceeds to her toilet, and at half past two dines, after which she breakfast being served to any one in the palace, however high their rank.

☞ It was long what time she rose her breakfast.

☞ The Battle of Waterloo will henceforth be associated with another event perhaps of no less importance to the world—an event which has also had the effect of securing peace between two great nations, and happily, without the bloody struggle which marked that with June, 1815. The Treaty of Ashburton was signed by the President, was ratified on the 10th instant, by the Senate of the U. States, without opposition.

☞ A lady lately returned from a visit to the Natural Bridge, in Virginia, on being asked how she was pleased with this stupendous specimen of nature's handiwork, replied, "that it will be a very nice bridge when it was done—but it wasn't quite finished when she was there—the stone-work was not done."

☞ M. Collin, now in Paris, has transmitted a memorial to Congress, offering at a very reasonable price, to our Government, the whole of his admirable collection of Spanish and Venetian and Turkish Scenes and Customs among more than thirty tribes of our Aborigines. Purchase them by all means.

Items of News.

☞ In the Supreme Court, New York, one of the firemen obtained a verdict for $600 damages against a number of other firemen, belonging to his own company, for assault and battery, in having, on a retiring to bed, for making a target of an effigy of himself, attaching obnoxious mottoes to it, and riddling it to pieces.

BOSTON CHURCHES, &c.—There are ninety-nine places of religious worship in Boston, costing $1,240,500, and having accommodations for 47,840 persons. Some churches, &c. are mentioned at a yearly expense of $170,826. There are eighty Sunday schools, having 1,264 teachers and 17,000 scholars.

SMUTTING LIKE A JEW.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Herald says that it is said that the *profits-per*, the *profits*—the public printers on a single document—the Patent Office report—amounted to $30,000. Except two stores, had been burned down on the 9th inst, and that fifty soldiers were killed in blowing up a house to arrest the fire. Two hundred houses were destroyed in the harbor.

The loss must be severely felt by its inhabitants, it being the business part of the town, and being at a season of the year when the merchants are engaged principally in the manufacture of their oil, a large quantity of which must have been in the vats at the time. The buildings were principally of wood. The town suffered severely from fire during the last two centuries. It seems to be an ill-fated town. The buildings were principally of wood. The town suffered severely from fire during the last two centuries. It seems to be an ill-fated town. The buildings were principally of wood. The town suffered severely from fire during the last two centuries. It seems to be an ill-fated town.

☞ The Secretary of the Navy has communicated to the Senate, in answer to a resolution of that body, the number of vessels in the Navy, and the number of men employed in each. The number of vessels is 76, and the number of men employed is 7,500.

☞ Mr Calhoun has presented the Report of the Secret Committee, which had been read without the ceremonial and proceedings of the late Memphis Convention. In presenting the Report, Mr. Calhoun briefly stated the leading doctrines it treated upon in veil—In relation to the improvement of the rivers and harbors of the Mississippi, that the Committee were unanimously of opinion that Congress had the right to improve the navigation, under the provision of the constitution to regulate commerce between the States. All of the Committee, except the Senator from Louisiana, were of opinion that the power is granted for the improvement of the channel of the river.

The Senate have also had under consideration the bill to grant pre-emption rights to settlers of public lands. The bill divides the lands into six classes, first class, two dollars per acre; second class, one dollar and a quarter per acre; third class, one dollar; fourth class, fifty cents per acre; fifth class, twenty-five cents per acre, and sixth class, twelve and a half cents per acre.

Mr Dayt. offered an amendment, making a sixth class at 12½ cents.

In the House the new Tariff Bill has been the nearly exclusive subject of discussion. It is difficult to prophesy what will be the result.

The House bill for organizing and officering volunteers was passed without amendment.

On Tuesday last, on motion of Mr. Wick of Indiana, the Foreign Military Affairs were instructed to inquire into the expediency of increasing the pay of officers and soldiers of the regular regiments in the army, by giving 1 to all enlisted ing between the first of July and the first of November.

Hon. James Buchanan was nominated on the 1st instant to the Senate, as one of the Judges of the Supreme Court. He has consequently taken leave of the State Department.

General News.

☞ A very singular transaction has taken place at Frankfort Ky. At the June term of the Franklin Circuit Court, 1845, Mr. Hall was convicted of a pillor and sentenced another. The displaced man took an appeal from this action up to the Court of Appeals, which, after a hearing decided the sensible Kentucky law mistaken. This the County tolerably well do, but Tuesday, five days after, he called to appear before the Court of Appeals, to show cause why they did not enter and carry into effect the mandate sent to them, and, he refusing to appear, were thrown into prison. The Legislature has interested in the matter, and will settle it, of course.

☞ A Washington letter says — The subject of Commander Mackenzie's mission to Havana, is to see whether there is to be any interference against our commerce, and, if so, to take means to prevent it. This is the open and avowed object. A member of the Cabinet is said to have refused to go not on any secret. There may be also some secret objects; but I don't believe that this government wishes to re-operate or seek any alliance with Santa Anna.

☞ The Boston Traveller has a letter from London, which says American ice is now in great demand in London, owing to the extreme mildness of the winter season and the extreme mean weather. A fine cargo would go off rapidly. There is a government depot at the St. Katherine's Docks, made expressly for American ice.

CHEMICAL DISCOVERY.—A letter-writer in Washington to the Journal of Commerce of that has left the city, without saying "good bye." He lived, we must remark, on rice. His congregation will shortly make an expose.

It is said that he reduced the daughter of one of the richest planters.

☞ The rumor that Mr. Slidell, late Minister to Mexico, had departed from Washington on his way to the Rio Grande, is contradicted by the fact that he was in New York on Wednesday week, on his way to Saratoga, where he purposes to spend the summer. So he is not going to "settle the war," whoever else may.

☞ Van Amburgh, the lion tamer is now in Boston, alive and well, as at the bigness.

ELDER KNAPP ON THE PUFF.—To-pin playing is a very fashionable game in Philadelphia, and bowling saloons are multiplying in number. The exercise is generally believed to be conducive to health, at least craft is the plea offered by those who indulge in it. Elder Knapp, who is as great an original as he is an eloquent orthodox, on Sunday last, in Boston, addressed a large congregation on the immoral tendencies of "theatres and bowling saloons." The bowling saloons received a grand shake of condemnation, and were used in a figurative sense, by the Elder's saying that the devil was calling his people out the little devils setting them up, that the devil, called three balls, the first of which was a hit, the second was a miss-carriage, and the third one the ball of Damnation. The first ball got generally from one to three pins; the second from five to seven, and the third Damnation swept the whole board, and got a ten strike.—*Ledger.*

☞ Elder Jacob Knapp has been preaching in Boston lately. In one of his discourses he compared sinners in this wise. He said the "power of gallinere is what does the work. A few years since it would command 25c/lb, and white 5%. Ounce—Sales of 1000 Mexican and good Virginia at 2½c/70, and Delaware Sts.; 2000 Pa. at 5d.

PROVISIONS—There is but little activity in pork, and prices have declined 25c per bbl. Sales of 250 bbls Mess at $15.25@15.50, and prime at $13.50. 75 per bbl. Beef is cash and time. Rums—Moderate sales of shoulders at 5d; sides 5@5½; and hams 5a5c per lb, for common to prime quality. Lard remains about the same. Sales of 7200 kegs at 6 to 6¼c for Nos 2 and 1; 150 bbls of prime at 6½c. Butter—Sales of 200 bbls at 5@6c for fresh and in firkins at 6@7c. Cheese—Sales at 5@6c.

AMERICAN CLOTH—The market exhibits no activity, and prices have not varied.

ASHES—Manier inactive, and no sales of consequence. Sales are held at $4.62½ per 100 lbs.

BARK—There has been more enquiry for quercitron bark, with sales of 100 hhds at $42, 75 and $43 for No. 2d and No 1 quality. Spanish oak at $41, and peach oak at $30.

BEESWAX—No sales of magnitude—we guess yellow at 20a30c per lb.

BOOTS & SHOES—Trade as active as former rates, under the belief that a duty will be laid on coffee, which will increase the value of leather. Sales reported to have limited to 3a4@5 bags Rio, at 9¼c; and 350 Pr. Domingo at 9½c. Sugars—Sales of 1000 hhds Cuba, at 4½c.

COPPER—A sale of sheathing at 23. c. nom.

COTTON—The cotton market continues dull and lax. Sales of 1.0 bales, comprising Mobile and New Orleans at 7½ to 8c, and sales of 100 bales at 8½, 12 and 13½ for Sea Island and Sea Island

Selected Poetry.

CHILDHOOD.

FROM THE DARKS OF SACHSEN, BY LONGFELLOW.

There was a time when I was very small,
When my whole frame was but an ell in height;
Scarcely as I recall it, was its fall,
And therefore I recall it with delight.

I opened in my tender mother's arms,
And rode on a horseback on her father's knee;
Alike were sorrow's pastime and alarms,
And gold, and Greek, and love unknown to me.

Then seemed to me this world for love in vain,
Likewise it seemed to me less wicked far;
Like pains in Heaven, I saw the stars arise,
And longed for wings, that I might reach a star.

I saw the moon behind the island lie,
And thought, "Oh, were I on that island there,
I could find out of what the moon is made,
Find out how large it is, how round, how fair!"

Wondering, I saw God's sun, through western skies,
Sink in the ocean's golden lap at night,
And yet upon the morrow, early rise,
And paint the eastern Heaven with crimson light;

And thought of God, the gracious Heavenly Father,
Who made sun and that lovely sea on high,
And all these pearls of Heaven, this strong together,
Dropped, dissolving, from His hand a'er all the sky.

With childish reverence my young lips did say
The prayer my pious mother taught to me:
"Oh, guide Thou! Oh, let me not stray astray,
Still to be wise, and good, and follow Thee!"

So prayed I for father and my mother dear,
And for my sister, and for all the town;
The king I knew not, and the beggar brother,
Who, torn with rags, went sighing up and down.

They perished, the bright days of boyhood perished,
And all the gladness, all the peace I knew!
Now have I lost their memory, fondly cherished—
Oh! may I never, never lose that too.

The Honey Moon.

A TRAGICAL STORY.

Charles had been almost two days. *Poor Julia* had been wishing and wishing for him. His wall known step sounded in the entry; the door opened, and she met him with a heightened color in her cheek, and her blue eyes flashing from beneath their long lashes with sparkles of unwonted pleasure. Shall I mention particulars? It is scarcely worth the carry. He who cannot imagine how a water-heart ed young wife, in the honey-moon, would meet her husband after an absence of *two whole days*, is no matter for me.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, after the first transport had a little subsided. "I am glad you have returned, dear, dear Charles! I was afraid you might not come—that you were sick, or some accident had occurred. But here you are. And now have you had a pleasant time? and whom did you see? and——"

Charles stopped her mouth.

Yes, here I am safe and sound, and full of news; not yet; inquiries with such reliability, that I shall never get a chance to answer them, and your mouth here wide open to ask I don't know how many more.

Well, then," answered she, flinging herself into an attitude of attention, and folding her arms like a judge upon a bench—"There—I am dumb, and ready to listen to the news—I won't speak another word till you have done."

And with considerable difficulty she closed her lips.

"Now, then," said Charles, "mark me"

"I will," said Julia.

"Well, then," continued her husband, laughing, "as the first place, they are all well, in the next. I have had a very pleasant time, and lastly, I have seen old Peterson, and Aunt Sarah, and Mr. and Mrs. Vandersyke, and little Bob, Henry and Maria."

"And this," inquired Julia, "is the news you are to tell me and these are all you saw?"

"Oh, no!" replied Charles, mysteriously; far from it, Julia. I have met one more—one most beautiful, bewitching being more—the very contrast of Venus. Such complexion—such ringlets—long and glossy—and ringlets—eyes and lilies are nothing to them! There is nothing in all nature sweeter than her lips, and her eyes are bright dangers no man should rashly encounter. They are soft, melting, liquid, heavenly blue—full of the light of intellect, and immolate every beam of them with a tenderness that makes the heart ache."

"You are only posing with me," said Julia, exclaiming, but in vain, to check the change that came over her face, as the shadow of a cloud flits across a stream. "This is some Dutch beauty, and you can scarcely describe her without laughing. Come, now, tell the truth."

"You may believe it or not, just as you please," said Charles, "but I assure you the whole account is as true as the enjoyment of it was enrapturing and the memory is delicious."

Julia was sensitive and ardent. She loved her husband with that deep tenderness which knows all the thrills of love's hopes and fears. Her heart was like a goblet filled to the brim, whose contents trembles and overflow when shaken ever so lightly. There was, therefore, in these enthusiastic praises of another, something strange and even cruel. Still she could not believe that he was serious, and for ring a smile, and struggling to keep down her rising emotion, she listened to him in silence as he tal ked on.

One meeting was marked with uncommon interest. Old Mr. Peterson introduced me to him after having previously hunted me out, before I was married; she had regarded me with more than common complacency."

"Charles——"

Well, we met. I addressed her by name; she said nothing; but she'll throw eyes of love were fixed on me with a gaze that reached into the innermost recesses of my heart, and seemed to touch all those chords of feeling which vibrate and string for joy. Whenever I went I found her eyes turned towards me, and an arch smile just played about her rosy lips, and spread to the fine lineies and half hidden meanings that woman will often look but not always trust to the flowery vehicle of words. I could restrain myself no longer—but forgetting all but that heavenly lips, I appeared her, and——"

Four hideous words thought she heard the knell of her young dreams. The hue of her cheek, and the sparkle of her azure eyes were gone long before and as he paused in such glowing colors the picture of his feelings, her lip quivered, as I was about to say and distorted the blue light of eyes beautiful as day.

"I will never speak to you again, Charles," said she, "and I will not hear you."

"It is true," he exclaimed, "I only now half like the reality. It was your own victory, my sweet girl, that I kissed again and again."

She looked at him a moment, and buried her face in her bosom. As she lifted her head, and shaking back the clustering ringlets that fell around her form displayed her face smiling through tears, he soon softly found its way around her waist, and——but I am at the end of my story.

A Word in Season.

A FLOWER IN THE DESERT.

Here is a beautiful incident related by an officer of Matamoras, in a letter to a friend in Providence, which reminds us that—

In the desert there will be a flower,
In the wide waste there will be a use,
And a bird in the solitude to sing.

One army were marching on Matamoras, and the officer writes—

"There was a little incident occurred which contrasted so forcibly with what was going on around me, that I could not but be struck by it.

"Under a large pear on the river bank, and at the point where the bottle and thong of the passage were gathered, a family of Mexicans had taken shelter, who had recreated to not side the day before, and had not had time to remove to their homes.—There were among six or eight children of various ages, one of these a beautiful, dark-eyed graceful little creature of five or six years old. Her white tunnic and trousers of all description were among several, while arms were flashing, cannon rolling, men hurrying to and fro, horses dashing at wild speed, the air filled with shouts and oaths, and all was in confusion and peace were breathed from the earth, half lying, half lying upon a grassy bowl, her head resting upon a white pet dove, and one little arm thrown around the bird as if to protect it from all harm.

What a lesson is taught here! What a picture for the Painter and the Poet! See innocence personified in that beautiful dovel! How they stand out the bright the glorious figures in that scene, where War, with its army of banners and trumpets, and gaudily dressed officers on capparisoned horses, took from the battle field, their hearts filled with the swelling thoughts of the victory they have won, and all glowing with the ambitious desires that to create the heroes they have shown themselves to be—how that tiven child and beautiful dove, shone with the light that is from heaven, in that scene where War fills up and darkens all the heart's ground!

Who, that is a man, can look upon this picture, and turn away from that which represents War, all glorious, as it is said to be, in the calm quiet, the joyous and happy contrast, and not feel his heart warmed and his feelings for Peace increase upon him? Here he has before him the pomp of war. Here he sees heroes of his own country and his feasted with triumph, marching to take possession of that city which their valor had won! He hears the fife and the drum; and in the distance "rolls the peals of the cannonade" announces that the banner of the Union floats from the staff of the government house of the lately hostile town! It is an exhilarating sight! It moves the hearts of those who look upon it; and it warms up to a glow the pride that every true feels in his country and his name. It is the American arms that have achieved this victory—they are American soldiers who have done this glorious deed.

We turn our eyes from this, and the glory all fades away. We look upon the battle field, where the wounded, and the dead, and the dying are mingled together. We see here nothing but the murderous assault, the deadly charge, the wood of the sword, and the cannon, and the gun and the bayonet! Here is a poor fellow with his head shot off—there is another with his arm torn away—and a little girls has the robe of that dragoon made in the head of that soldier, who now rests in the earth! Here are two brothers, who have been killed each other—the bayonet of the one has emptied the other—the sword of the other has let the life blood out from the heart of the one. They had never known each other—there was no quarrel between them—they had never met until just now, and they have killed each other. But they are dead, and the carnage is no longer! They were both married—they had wives and children at home, and they had children who blessed them. It may be, say it in the Mexican soldier is the father of that sweet child, who now rests not now not smiling in its innocent bosom that beautiful dove!

We turn from the scene with horror! Is it any wonder? It is the horror of war! It is the work of one unmoved! It softened the heart of Napoleon as he walked over it, and he, who had looked upon the battle ground of Europe, and had done the work of blood and carnage, this almost ruler of the world, shed tears, when the smoke of the contest had blown off, and he saw with the eyes of a man the bodies of dead below him, and heard with the ears of a man the groans of the wounded and dying around him. He, who, all accused to such scenes, may not look upon them with less of sorrow than filled the heart of Napoleon! Let the man who has killed and robbed of our manhood to say that we cannot contemplate them without horror!

Let us not stand, silent, on formalities or conventional rules of propriety! The English of such a scene has never incurred, by making the first advance to say that it is horrible! The spectacle of a great and mighty country like this, turning its back upon slaughter and stretching out its hand with the olive branch of Peace to its enemy, already prostrate, presenting only the front of war, waiting for the humble approach and supplicating submission of a fallen foe, and prostrate foe before their will overhands is to make one step towards reconciliation. There is no dignity here, nor honor either. Such these belong to the magnanimous and generous, and both go with that nation which is more ambitious of the trophies of Peace than of War.—*Baltimore Patriot.*

Our Scrap Book.

EFFECT OF IMAGINATION.

Many years ago, a celebrated physician, author of an excellent work on the effects of imagination, wished to combine theory with practice, in order to confirm the truth of his principles. To this end, he begged the Minister of Justice to allow him to try an experiment on a criminal condemned to death. The minister consented, and delivered to him an assassin of distinguished rank. Our second sought the culprit, and thus addressed him:—"Sir you have been condemned to die; but you have the consolation of knowing that the first experiment ever made in the metropolis of France, which is more ambitious of the trophies of Peace than of War.—*Baltimore Patriot.*

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CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.

In describing the circulation of the blood, it is customary to begin at the heart. The heart contains four cavities; two ventricles and two auricles; that in the right and left ventricle, and the right and left auricle. cavities which fill and empty at every pulsation of the organ. The motion of the heart is that of expansion and contraction; a motion not unlike that of a bellows, by expanding the air cavities are drawn full of blood, and by contracting, it is thrown out; thus, by receiving the blood from the large veins, and propelling it into the arteries, a constant circulation is kept up, from the heart, through the arteries, to all parts of the body, and back to the heart, through the veins, from all parts of the body.

The system of blood vessels, known by the name of arteries, through which the blood passes in its course from the heart, in every part of the body, commences at the heart in the form of a large vessel, called the aorta, of about one half inch diameter in the adult man. From this point it passes upward and downward, giving off, in its course, to every portion of the bowels, lungs, legs, arms, head, &c. From these second arteries, thousands of others are given off, spreading out in all parts of the body, decreasing, increasing in number and diminishing in size, until every minute particle of flesh, of bone, of muscle, and of every abundantly supplied with arteries smaller than a human hair. So very extensive is this system of arteries, that if the arteries